

# THE NEW SOUTH.



Vol. 1, No. 45.

PORT ROYAL S. C, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1863.

Price Five Cents.

## THE NEW SOUTH.

Published every *Saturday Morning* by  
**JOS. H. SEARS, Editor and Proprietor.**

PRICE: FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Advertisements, fifty cents a line, each insertion.

Terms: invariably cash.

OFFICE: Phoenix Building, Union Square.

### Independence Day.

Again the vertic sun shines down  
With bright and faithful ray,  
But does it light the men it warmed  
On "Independence Day?"

Have we preserved the sacred gift  
Of Liberty blood-bought,  
With that eternal vigilance  
Which former struggles taught?

Had this been so, say would the strife  
That rends our country, live,  
To bow our humble heads in shame,  
And joy to tyrants give?

Alas! that in the human breast  
Such poisoning passions dwell,  
As blight the gifts bestowed by Heaven,  
And make of Earth a Hell!

That, quite forgetting honor's heeds,  
And duties undenied,  
We let security bring rust,  
Prosperity bring Pride.

That claiming Right and Privilege  
Peculiarly our own,  
The lust for human bondage lives,  
Though we abjure a Throne.

The upas germ our Fathers spared  
Struck wide and deep its root,  
And we, this Independence Day,  
Must take its bitter fruit.

Truth makes no compromise with Sin,  
Justice no peace with crime,  
And Retribution, though delayed,  
Still bides the "setting" time.

The work our sires, in former years  
With noble zeal begun,  
Could not be finished by their hands,  
But may by ours be done.

The crisis is upon us now—  
Our overweening foe  
Strikes at our free and happy homes,  
His last, and deadliest, blow.

Is there a need to sound the trumpet,  
Or beat the calling drum?  
No! from each hardy hamlet, hear,  
The cry is still "We Come!"

We come, in firm reliance on  
The God of Truth and Right,  
To show the haughty slaveholders' hosts,  
How freeborn men can fight.

The struggle shall be ended now,  
Our sires so well begun,  
And Freedom's final triumph  
Be over Treason won!

—The new two-cent stamps, which have just been issued by the P. O. Department to meet the demand created by the new law fixing the rates on drop letters, circulars, transient printed matter, etc., at two cents, will soon be in the hands of most of our readers. They are black in color, and bear a finely engraved head of General Andrew Jackson—a design especially appropriate at the present time, when his well-known saying, "The Union must and shall be preserved," needs to be considered as something more practical than a mere piece of fine sentiment. The portrait of the old hero occupies nearly the entire surface of the stamp, and the character of the engraving is such that the process of defacement, to which it must unfortunately be subjected, is easily and effectually performed.

—"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy performed with the monkey near the door, "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."

GEN. WASHINGTON'S GENERAL ORDER.—The following General Order was issued by our noble Washington to his troops, Aug. 3, 1776:

"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General, in future, excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

GEN. McCLELLAN'S GENERAL ORDER.—The following General Order was issued by Gen. McClellan, September 6, 1861:

"The Major-General Commanding desires and requests that in future there may be more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers, that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, so far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that officers and men shall alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General Commanding regards this as no idle form; one day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals; more than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty."

### THE AUTHOR OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S TRAVELS.

—Of all the "household words" familiar to our ears that literature has given to language, none is more general than that derived from this work, whose real author has lately been discovered. Though every one has heard, not many of the present generation have seen this famous book. The Baron's adventures first saw the light anonymously, in a London edition, dated 1785, and proved so popular that the fifth edition appeared three years after, in 1788. Though professing to have a German origin, it was not till 1787 that they came out in that language, under the auspices of the poet, Burger, who has, in consequence, often been taken for their author. It is now known that the real writer was Professor R. E. Raspe, a German literary man, who filled various posts with credit, till he was detected in appropriating to his own use some of the coins, etc., entrusted to his charge as curator of the Cabinet of Antiquities at Cassell. He fled to England, and there sustained a reputable character as a man of science and literature, till his death in 1774. A dry book or two on Mineralogy, etc., keep his name alive in catalogues, but there must have been a spirit of fun lurking in his "inner life," which perhaps, was wisely concealed in deference to his scientific reputation. German research has discovered that there really was some sort of personal foundation for this great work. A Baron Munchausen, of Bodenwerden, near Haveln, on the Weser, actually flourished at the time, and was famous for some little peculiarities reflected in his namesake's work. He was an old warrior who had served in his youth in the Russian service, and passed his latter days on his property, with a reputation for telling his adventures in a cavalier manner, with a military emphasis, as things that require no explanation or proof. When Raspe was in London, working for the booksellers, it is likely that the Baron's stories occurred to him as available for temporary "hit," and he must have been surprised at his own success. By the Germans, "Baron Munchausen" is treated as a classic.

A MARVELOUS STORY.—I was bred up in the dislike of the marvelous, or the stupidly wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their traveling adventures; one of them dealt so much on the marvelous that it induced another to give him a lesson.

"I was once," said he "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me; the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages took possession of my mind. I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine was most precious and useful to my family. I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back, for the country was an open one, I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others, and the well-known saying of 'divide and conquer' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged in mutual fury. I hope none here (Loving to his auditors) will doubt the result; in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels, not from cowardice, I can in truth declare, but with the hope of reaching a neighboring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up, for on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up amongst the trees; I redoubled my speed, I prayed to heaven, I felt assured my prayers would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round—"

Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient, past endurance, and called out:

"Well, sir, and you killed him also?"

"No, sir, he killed me!"

—A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room or elsewhere, where a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE NEW STORE, UNION Square, next to the Post Office a large lot of Stationary, Books, &c., in part as follows:

Fine letter paper of various qualities,  
Fine note paper of various qualities,  
Fine billit paper of various qualities,  
Envelopes, white, buff, cream, straw, fancy, oriental, pa rict c, &c., &c.  
Ink, black, red, carmine, &c.  
Pens, steel and gold in great variety,  
Blank books, in great variety,  
Wafers, sealing wax, law seals, &c.,  
Mucilage, court plaster, lemon acid, &c.,  
Penknives, pocket books, purses,  
Portfolios, bill books, etc.  
Pencils, crayons, etc., of various colors  
Pipes, briarwood, china, gutta percha,  
Lava, boxwood matches, tobacco boxes, bags, &c.,  
Novels, song-books, hand books of various kinds and most of the late publications of the day.  
Maps of Charleston harbor and vicinity, and of Savannah river

ALSO, a fine lot of Military books of late issues—the best selection ever brought here.

LATE PAPERS on arrival of mails. THE NEW SOUTH published by us every Saturday morning.

JOSEPH H. SEARS,  
Phoenix Building.

UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY NIGHT COMPASSES. Patented May 6th, 1862. The advantages of these Compasses over all others in use are, that they can be read distinctly at night, without the aid of an artificial light.

For reconnoitering the position of the enemy, night movements, &c., where a light dare not be used without running the greatest danger, they are invaluable.

Used by Major Generals McClellan, Hooker, Burnside, Hunter, Pope; Major Meyers, Chief of Signal Department, and others. Every Officer and Soldier should have one.

PRICE: \$6, \$4, \$3, \$2 50, \$2, and \$1 25.

For sale by

JOSEPH H. SEARS,  
Port Royal, S. C